12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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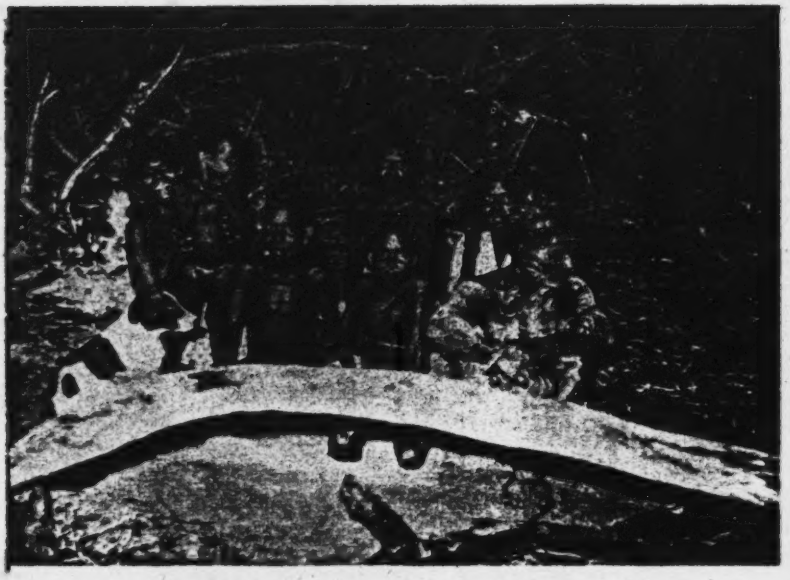

Fig. 12. A Tiwi family camped for the night

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[597]

Black Joe, Fat Alice's brother, had given them his eldest daughter in adoption. However, Dennis spent as much time with her proper parents as with her foster parents and it was quite evident that her affection was at least equally divided. Albert went over and managed to bring the screaming, kicking child back to our camp and asked me to give her some of the hard candy which I had brought with me. It was some time, however, before her attention was sufficiently distracted to allow Tuki and the other men to slip away into the canoe to hunt crocodiles for another night. Agnes commented to me, "Let him cry? That white man rule no good. By and by they go silly."

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We strolled back to Black Joe's camp with Dennis, and listened to a discussion concerning the superiority of crocodile hunting over

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 O120 Tiwi O120

settlement work. It seemed the chief advantage was that they received 'money-in-the-finger' from the skins they caught. They didn't understand why they didn't also get paid for the settlement work. I kept silent, but soon they turned to me and said, "You get job; how much you pay?" I told them, and then went on to say that out of that salary I had to pay someone for the food I ate, the clothes I wore, the house I lived in and so on, whereas they did not have to pay for the flour, tea, sugar, meat, blankets, or clothes the welfare people gave them. There was a long silence during which, I believe, each man was figuring how much all these benefits were worth in hard money. Finally Ginger said slowly, "Maybe, this way more better."

Soon the visitors rose and returned to their fires. Someone started a song, a low nasal chant. Another, a woman, began a high-pitched love song, and to this discordant lullaby I soon fell asleep.

As usual, it was barely light when the camp came to life again. After the customary tea breakfast, the various families discussed among themselves the day's plans. Black Joe and Long Peter, their wives and children, were taking the canoe up-river to hunt. Young Brook and his brothers, Danny Brown and Charlie Cook, their wives and children, soon left to hunt in the area back of Minianapi. Charlie Quiet and Roger also left. "Now we go?" I turned in question to Albert. "No, we stay behind. Build house. No good you go bush. Too much grass, plenty big mob cheeky snake. By and by that mob burn grass; then we go bush." It seemed like a logical explanation, but I was disappointed.

The day was already sticky and muggy, and tired of inactivity I started off toward the creek, saying I was going for a swim. Both natives jumped up and said, "No. No. Too much crocodile, more better go along billabong." So with Agnes ahead we started down the path leading away from the creek. Soon we were out of the thick tangle of bushes separating the clearing from the true bush. Now the path led over the rocky, dusty ground, which had but recently been burned. The trunks of the large bloodwood and stringy-bark trees were blackened for about four feet up from their base. The spiraled trunks of the screwpalm, as well as their lower dried leaves, also had a charred appearance. Except for an occa-